

ge and growing success as not being confined in this elevated blessing of Him in which they all act, has been. As it is no longer a matter of doubt, that the servants of Christ among them, are in their belief, the most liberal and generous in their acts, it remains a matter of doubt, whether the servants to plant the stumps and idols, have not demonstrated, that the gospel of God unto salvation to every man, Greek, barbarian and Jew, has been made the subject of their ancient seats, and nations from a guilty and vicious state of superstition. The open before us. Ample confidence, joy, and gratitude, is given, that the churches of Christ have but recently given birth to a new life, and that they have become the instruments of God to open the eyes of the world to the truth of his grace to open the doors of salvation to all. To this call may difficulties discourage us, but we have pledged ourselves to our God, that he is with us, and will be with us, and the prospects of the Mission of the year, the commitment of the Missions with the divine intrust, be necessary part, to general views.

MISSIONARIES. Missionaries in France, steadily engaged in pouring light on the gospel, great a portion of that act in perfect union with Protestant ministers, and crowned with very gratifying results.

ER MISSION. In this station, who have as their care, and preach in the vicinity of the residents.

K MISSION. Evidently successful after opposition in the outset.

RIA MISSION. Evidently principally to seafarers of Alexandria—occasionally, read of life on the desolate island.

MISSION. Evidently engaged in this country. They labor in the most unpopulated districts—have scholars under the number of 1390, and are of Catholic emancipation in the country.

N MISSION. European Wesleyan missionaries, besides a number of native converts.

GREAT SUCCESS. Great success has attended thousand children have passed through a wide and effectual door to the usefulness at this place.

ENTAL INDIA. Missionaries and one assistant. Pros-

SEAS MISSIONS. Employed in New South Wales.

AND TONGATABOO. Established here. The establish-

ments are of recent date that have succeeded.

ERN AFRICA. Occupy the numerous stations that have had great success among the natives.

INDIES. These islands are proceeding on and are crowned with brilliant evidences have thrown a gloom over this field of enterprise the past year. The good accomplished has been in the district eighteen missionaries.

ENTAL DISTRICT. The present district contains thirteen.

BAHAMA DISTRICT. Bahama dis-

tribution in all these districts is open before them.

ENTAL AMERICA. There are ten missionaries who have had great success among the Indians.

AMERICA. The following brethren were appointed as delegates to the next General Conference.

DAVID KILBURN. Ephraim Wiley, Elisha Streeter, Stephen Lovell, Eleazar Wells, and Heman Nickerson.

The next Conference to be held in Vienna, Austria, 14th, 1828.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

GENESEE CONFERENCE.

This conference held its last session in Wilkesbarre, Pa., commencing on the 14th ult. Bishop George Huestis presided.

Sixteen preachers were received on trial; eight were admitted into full connexion; six ordained deacons; nine ordained elders; three located; one, Philadelphia Parkhurst, had died; five were returned superannuated; fourteen supernumerary.

Numbers in society this year

Last year

Increase this year

30,545

27,166

3,379

STATIONS OF THE PREACHERS.

ONTARIO DISTRICT.—Abner Chase, P. E. Lyons—Jonathan Huestis, Israel Chamberlain.

Ontario—Richard Wright, Wm. J. Kent.

Genesee—Gideon Lanning.

Canandaigua—Seth Mattison.

Crooked Lake—Denison Smith, Jacob Early.

Ulster—Rinaldo M. Everts, Alvin Torrey.

Catharine—James Hall.

Schoharie—Wm. Jones.

Ovid—Wm. Fowler, sup.

Penn Yan—John B. Alverson.

ONEIDA DISTRICT.—Dan Barnes, P. E. Wadsworth—Jonathan Worthing, Ira Fairbank.

Vermont—Elijah Bowen.

W. Hammett—Mattison Baker.

St. John—Wm. White, Eli W. R. Allen.

Utica—Fitch Reed.

New York Mills—Charles Giles.

Paris—John S. Mitchell.

the eye of the prophetess is directed. Under the leaden colored clouds, far over the waves, are spots of light that gleam on the waters.

But what is very striking in the painting is its coincidence in design with a poetic description of the same event in an unpublished fragment by the late Bishop Heber, who died at Calcutta a short time since. It would almost seem as if the poet had made the painting his model, or the painter the poetry. Probably neither of these men had opportunity to study each other's works, and the similarity of attitude, in which Miriam is placed by both, may have arisen from the relation which painting bears to poetry. The Bishop's fragment concludes in the following lines.

"Oh, welcome came the morn, where Israel stood, In trustless wonder, by the avenging flood!

Oh, welcome came the cheerful morn, to show The drifted wreck of Israel's pride below;

The mangled limbs of man, the broken car, A few sad relics of a nation's war;

Alas, how few! Then, soft as Elim's well, The precious tears of new-born freedom fell—

And in whose hardened heart alike had borne The hours of bondage and the oppressor's scorn,

St. Lawrence—Andrew Prindle.

Malone—Jonathan M. Brooks, Luther Lee.

Potsdam—Benjamin G. Paddock, B. Dighton, G. Barney.

Leray and Watertown—Gardner Baker, Lorenzo Edgerton.

Vincent—Seth Young.

SUSQUEHANNAH DISTRICT.—Horace Agard, P. E. Wyoming—Sophronius Stocking, Miles H. Gaylard.

Wilkesbarre—George Peck.

Canan—John Sayre, Silas Comfort.

Banbridge—Henry Peck, George Evans.

Broom—Philo Barber, H. P. Barnes.

Rhine—Benj. Sabin, Robert Burch.

Caroline—James Kibsey, Gaylord Judd.

Ouego—Joseph Castle.

Spencer—John Griffing, Joseph Towner.

Wyalusing—Hiram G. Warner, D. A. Shepherd.

Bridgewater—Joshua Rogers, Daniel Torrey.

Norwich—Josiah Kies.

MAINE CONFERENCE.

The Maine Conference closed a laborious and peaceful session on Tuesday, the 10th inst. at Portland.

There were ten preachers admitted on trial, one re-admitted, two supernumerary, two supernumerary, and two located. The net increase of members within the limits of the Conference, was 945.

STATIONS OF THE PREACHERS.

PORTLAND DISTRICT—David Kilburn, P. E.

Portland—Ephraim Wiley, sup.

Kennebunk Port—Aaron Sanderson, Ansel Gerrish.

Levitt—Charles Baker, Pascal P. Morrill.

Skagway—Green G. Moore.

Buxton—Nathaniel Norris.

Scarborough and Gorham—Richard E. Schermerhorn.

Stephen Waterhouse.

Baldwin—Nathaniel P. Devereaux, Daniel Fuller.

Gray—Sitas Frink.

Peland—Benj. Burnham.

Watford—Rishworth J. Ayer, Isaac Moore.

Bethel—Ephraim F. Newell, Oren Bent.

Strong—Henry True, James Smith.

Livermore—David Copeland.

Fayette—Philip Ayer.

Reedfield—John Atwell.

Monmouth—Moses Sanderson.

Winthrop—Stephen Lovell.

Durham—Jonas Weston, Caleb Fogg.

KENNEBEC DISTRICT—David Hutchinson, P. E.

Bath—William H. Norris.

Gardiner—Phineas Crandall.

Hallowell and Augusta—Sullivan Bray.

Fairfield—Ezekiel Robinson.

Industry—Elisha Steeter, Martin Ward.

Northbridge—Gorham Greely, Arie Ward.

Enter—Abraham Holway.

Unity—Oliver Beal.

Vassalboro—Benj. Jones, Elliot Fletcher, Benj. Bryant.

Pittsfield—Daniel Wentworth, Francis Drew.

Bridot—To be supplied.

Getzville—Peter Burgess.

Putnams—James Harrington.

ADDRESS OF THE GENESEE CONFERENCE TO THE PEOPLE OF THEIR CHARGE.

DEAR BRETHREN:—We have great cause for rejoicing in consideration of that goodness and grace which have been so freely poured on us during the past year. The conquests of the cross won by its unusual diffusion of light and glory, call loudly on us for thanksgiving and praise. To many of the cries of penitent sinners and the shouts of new-born souls have been matters of daily and hourly observation; and no less than 3379 members have been added to this part of our Zion in the space of one year. To him who died for us and hath washed us in his own blood, be all the glory.

What is a matter of equal, if not of greater encouragement, is, (to the honor of God be it spoken,) we find our people, and we humbly trust, ourselves also, making some advancement in that holiness without which no man shall see God. Our present sitting is peaceful and harmonious. We are soon to receive our appointments and be with you. And we devoutly pray, and desire you also to pray, that the great Head of the church may endow us with more than ordinary portions of his Spirit, that we may come to you in the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of Christ.

This is undoubtedly a day for moral and religious improvement, that exceeds, in most respects, any former period. Societies have been rising, and are still rising, in various forms and under different names, whose professed object is to promote peace and righteousness in the earth. Among these laudable associations, Sunday school societies hold a very distinguished rank; for the promotion of which, together with tract and missionary societies, we earnestly invite your particular attention. We feel it incumbent on us not only to urge on you the importance of forming and supporting Sabbath school societies throughout our circuit, but to unite and co-operate with you in an object so essential to the happiness of our children as well as yours. The happy influence which Sabbath schools have had, and are likely to have, on the children and youth of our land, is peculiarly ominous of glorious consequences, not only to our immediate offspring, but to generations yet unborn.

We trust you are sufficiently convinced of the necessity of forming Sunday school associations as auxiliary to the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church; in doing which you will appoint the most pious and active of our young people as teachers, and the more aged and experienced as superintendents and visitors, and collect into these nurseries of learning and religion all the children you can, and thus train them up for God and heaven. For full information of the principles of this institution, with the reasons for its establishment, we refer you to the constitution of the society and the address of managers, as published in No. 33. of the Christian Advocate and Journal, and also to further information on this subject in the 34th, 36th, and 38th numbers of the same paper.

Next to Sunday school operations is the distribution of religious tracts. We have witnessed with pleasure the existence and extension of the tract society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It has already distributed hundreds of thousands of these little messengers of peace, of instruction, and of reproach. The society being now connected with our book establishment, can, with the greatest facility, diffuse itself by means of auxiliaries and the benevolent exertions of individuals all over our country.

As this is one of the cheapest, the most extensive, and, in many respects, the most effectual way, by which the hearts of all classes of men can be reached through the medium of the press, we hope that we shall find you ready and willing to enter directly into the spirit of the subject, and to put forth your hands in the for-

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

POETS' DEPARTMENT.

The following is a beautiful sample of the pathos, patriotism and tact, of the modern German muses:

THE FATHER LAND.
From the German Song, "Wo ist der Teutsch Vaterland?"

Where is the German's father-land?
Where is the Rhine?
"Tis not beside the Rhine—
"Tis not where, through its golden sand,
Old Elbe, thy billows shine:
Where freemen meet with heart and hand,
There is the German's father-land.

"Tis not Bavaria, in thy dell,
Though there the stag-hounds spring,
And round thy mountain's rocky cells,
The eagle sweeps the wing;
Not in thy vales, by zephyr fann'd,
The German finds his father-land.

"Tis not upon the Styrian hill,
Nor in the Styrian mine,
Though gushes there the silver rill,
Though there the emeralds shine;
Better than those the wretched strand!
For freedom and our father-land!

"Tis not in Prussia's kingly walls,
Nor Dresden, in thy bowers,
A slave's a slave in pictur'd halls,
And chain'd, though chain'd in flowers.
"Tis where no sable gives command,
The German seeks his father-land.

"Tis not, thou glorious king of streams,
Dark Danube, by thy wave—
Thou nurse of Freedom's wailing dreams—
Thou death-bed of the slave;
In vain the slaughter'd Turkish band,
Thou bawest not our father-land.

"Tis not within thy vales, wild Hartz,
Nor in thy hill, Tyrol,
The freeman from thy soil departs,
No more the land of soul;
Far, far from thee takes his stand,
And weeps o'er Freedom's father-land.

The following lines, illustrative of the awful calamity which took place in the notch of the White Hills in New Hampshire, were written by a Mr. W. G. Crosby, and are found in a volume of poems lately published by Messrs. True & Green, Boston, entitled "Illustrations of the Athenaeum Gallery."

How sweetly 'neath the pale moonlight,
That slumbers on the woodland height,
Yon little cot appears—scarce seen
Amid the twining evergreen,
That fondly clings around its form,
To shield it from the midnight storm.
Poor troubler, I have seen like thee,
Fond woman in her constancy,
E'en when the stormiest hour came on,
Cling closer to the much loved one,
Nor dream till every tie was parted,
That all within was hollow-hearted.
Yon little cot looks wondrous fair,
But yet no taper glimmers there!
—Say whither are its dwellers gone?
Bird of the mountain, thou alone,
Saw by the lightning from on high,
The mountain torrent rushing by,
Beheld upon its wild-wave borne
The tall pine from the hill top torn!—
Amid its roar thine ear alone,
Heard the shrill shriek—the dying groan,
The prayer that struggled to be free,
Breathed forth in life's last agony!
In vain,—no angel form was there,
The wild wave drown'd the sufferer's prayer.
Far down the rocky glen they sped,
The mountain spirits, shriek'd and fled!

'Twas morning: and the glorious sun
Shone on the work, which death had done,
On shatter'd cliff, and broken branch,
The ruin of the avalanche!
And there lay one, upon whose brow,
Age had not shed its wintry snow,
The fragrant in whose cleft hand, told
How firm on life had been his hold,
While the curl'd lip—the uprais'd eye
Told all a father's agony!
And there, beside the torrent's path,
Lay one, whose arms still closely press'd
An infant to her frozen breast!—
The kiss upon its pale cheek seal'd
A mother's quenchless love reveal'd.
Sire, mother, offspring, all were there!—
Not one had 'scap'd the conqueror's snare,
Not one was left to weep alone—
The dwellers on the hills were gone.
The wild bird soaring far on high,
Beheld them with averted eye;
The forest pawer as he pass'd,
Look'd down upon the rich repast,
But dur'd not banquet;—twas a spell,
Which bound them in that lonely dell.
And there they slept—so peacefully,
That the lone pilgrim passing by
Had deem'd them of some brighter sphere,
Condemn'd awhile to linger here;
Whose pure eyes sickening at the sight
Of sin and sorrow's withering blight,
Had sought in tears that silent glen,
And slumber'd, ne'er to wake again.
And then they found them—stranger hands
Bore them to where you cottage stands,
And there one summer evening's close
They left them to their last repose.

Such the brief page, thy story fills,
Thou lonely cottage of the hills!
Even while I gaze, night's dusky shade
Is gathering—
the moonbeams fade,
Around thy walls, they faintly play,
They tremble—gleam—then fly away;—
They fade—they vanish down the dell,
Lone cottage of the hills, farewell!

MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

On the duty of ministers to promote the circulation of religious publications.—The value of the press as an instrument of disseminating religious information, of raising the tone and extending the influence of piety, and of rousing to action the energies of the Christian public in the benevolent enterprises of the day, is now, to a very general extent, correctly estimated. And perhaps in no other way can this agency be brought to bear so effectually on the public mind, as by sending forth a weekly sheet in the popular and inviting form of a newspaper.

But to make the most of this agency, it is necessary that the paper have sufficient patronage, have ample pecuniary support, have an extended circulation, have many readers. How shall these be secured? On whom, primarily, does it depend to give extent and energy to the influence of a religious newspaper? The answer is plain—*on the ministers of the gospel*. It is expected of them—it is their duty—it belongs to the labors and responsibilities of their office, to take the lead in all measures and movements for the welfare of Zion. From them patronage must be sought. I mean not simply the patronage of taking, reading and paying for the paper themselves—though this is one part of it

—but the patronage of their influence in procuring its circulation among the people of their charge, and of their pen in contributing to its columns.

There are some ministers who fear, that if they press on their people the duty of patronising a religious paper, or of contributing to objects of general benevolence, they shall lose something of their own support. Be it so; a minister had better *stare* than neglect to make exertions for sustaining benevolent institutions and for "the furtherance of the gospel." But it is not so.—A thousand facts, as well as the nature of the case, go to prove that it is not so. Who are the men that contribute, according to their means, most cheerfully and amply for the maintenance of religious institutions in their own parish? They are those who are most interested in the religious intelligence of the day—who take and read religious publications—who contribute to domestic and foreign missions, and who pour their charities into the channels of general benevolence. Look over our towns and churches and you will find this a general rule. There may, indeed, be exceptions in the case of particular individuals. But exceptions are few. He will do most, according to his means, to support the gospel at home, who does most, according to the same means, to send the gospel abroad. This is a fact that defies contradiction.

But a minister, in his exertions to diffuse religious information and to raise a spirit of general benevolence among his people, ought to have a higher motive than his own private interest,—and wo to him if he has not! He should determine, leaning on the strength of Christ, that he will do all he can to promote the interests of religion both at home and abroad. And if a spirit of genuine piety and the permanency of religious institutions at home, may be increased by those exertions which are made to send the gospel abroad, then a minister is bound to make such exertions *for the benefit of his own people*, as well as for the good of those who are destitute of religious privileges. That such is the tendency of earnest efforts to support the benevolent enterprises of the day, many ministers, on the strength of their own experience, are willing to testify. And no one sustaining the sacred office has a right to deny the truth of this till he has faithfully made the experiment, nor till he has proved the declaration of Scripture incorrect, "He that wateth shall be watered also himself."

Therefore, brethren, in compassion to the people of our own charge—in compassion for the dwellers on our mountains and in our valleys, who are destitute of religious privileges—in compassion towards the pagan who stitteth in the region and shadow of death, let us endeavor to pour into the bosoms of our respective congregations a spirit of general benevolence. Let us press them to patronize the religious publications of the day. Let us urge them to contribute of their substance liberally to supply the destitute within our borders with the means of grace, to send the Bible and missionaries to the heathen, and to give life and energy to every enterprise of Christian benevolence. And in all these things let us be careful to "show ourselves patterns of good works," contributing more liberally, according to our means, than our people. And for our encouragement let us rest assured that if we labor and toil and give to promote the cause of Jesus Christ, he will take care of us and of our families.—*J. T. Chron.*

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

A FATHER'S DYING ADVICE.

The religion of Jesus Christ is a religion of love.—Wherever its power is felt, it produces an earnest solicitude for the best interests of mankind. But, perhaps, the genuine influence of Christian love is never more strikingly displayed than when the soul is about to bid a last farewell to the world and every earthly friend, and exchange its house of clay for the mansions of glory and bliss. If the expiring Christian be a parent, what an interesting moment is that, when his children meet around his bed to hear his last commands, and receive the final blessing from his lips!—How solemn is the scene! How serious, how important, how worthy of attention, is every word uttered on the brink of eternity! Who can receive unmoved the last embrace, or resist the forcible entreaties of a dying parent's love!

Such are the reflections naturally raised by a perusal of the following little narrative, which affords a proof and illustration of the fact, that the religion of Jesus is love, and where its power is felt, it produces love in the hearts of men, whatever be their country or their color.

In the Island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, there lived a negro named Cornelius: he was brought to a knowledge of the truth when young, and soon began to preach to his countrymen. Endowed with considerable talents, he was able to speak and write several languages. For many years he was a slave. He first purchased the freedom of his wife, and then labored hard to gain his own liberty; which at last he effected, after much entreaty, and the payment of a considerable sum. By degrees, he was also enabled to purchase the liberty of his six children. His gifts for preaching were good; and remarkably acceptable, not only to the negroes, but to many of the white people. When death approached, he sent for his family. His children and grand children assembled round the bed of their sick parent: he summoned up all his strength, sat up in his bed, uncovered his venerable head, adorned with locks as white as snow, and thus addressed them:—

"I rejoice exceedingly, my dearly beloved children, to see you together once more before my departure; for I believe that my Lord and Saviour will soon come, and take your father to himself. You know, my dear children, what my chief concern has been respecting you, as long as I have been with you; how frequently I have exhorted you, with tears, not to neglect the day of grace, but to surrender yourselves, soul and body, to your God and Redeemer; to follow Him faithfully. Sometimes I have dealt strictly with you in matters, which I believed would bring harm to your souls, and grieve the Spirit of God; and I have exerted my paternal authority to prevent mischief; but it was all done out of love to you. However, it may have happened, that I have sometimes been too severe: if this has been the case, I beg you, my dear children, to forgive me; O forgive your poor dying father!"

Here he was obliged to stop, most of the children weeping and sobbing aloud. At length one of the daughters, recovering herself, said, "We, dear father, we alone have cause to ask forgiveness; for we have been disobedient children." The rest then continued, "Well, the father then continued, "Well, my dear children, if you all have forgiven me, then attend to my last wish and dying request. Love one another; do not suffer any quarrels and disputes to arise after my death. No, my children," raising his voice, "love one another cordially; let each strive to show proofs of affection to his brother or sister; nor suffer yourselves to be tempted by any thing to become proud; for by that you may even miss of your souls' salvation; but pray our Saviour to grant you lowly minds and humble hearts. If you follow this advice of your dying father, my joy will be complete, when I shall once more see you in eternal bliss, and be able to say to our Saviour, 'Here, Lord, is thy poor and unworthy Cornelius, and the children thou hast given him.' I am sure our Saviour will not forsake you, and I beseech you, do not forsake Him."

His two sons, and four daughters, are employed as assistants in the Moravian mission. By them he lived to see twelve grand children and five great grandchildren. He died at the age of eighty-four, and was attended to the grave by a very large company of negro brethren and sisters, who, being all dressed in white, walked in solemn procession to the burial-ground at New Hennhut.

When all the dear delights of life
Fast vanish from my view,—
When soft a mother's, father's lips,
Pronounce a last adieu,—

—
O thou great Fount of Love supreme,
Whose smile can scatter gloom,
Shine through the solemn, deep'ning shade,
Which hovers round the tomb.

Place thine eternal gentle arms
Beneath my shatter'd frame,
And in the moment of distress
Soft echo Jesus' name.

May a sweet beam of cheerful hope
Illumine life's parting ray,
Till, as I lean upon thy breast,
I breathe it all away.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THE PIOUS SISTERS.

When Dr. Colman was in England, he frequently visited in the family of Mr. Singer, the father of Philomela, (Miss Elizabeth Singer, afterwards Mrs. Rowe.) Mr. Singer told the Doctor that his deceased wife was every way superior to Philomela, in knowledge, wisdom, and grace; and that he had buried a younger daughter, who was her equal in knowledge, and superior in grace. The following account of this daughter Dr. C. received from Philomela's own mouth. "My sister, (said she,) was a year or two younger than I, and her affection, as well as her wit, was quicker. I seemed, however, to myself, to think more thoroughly. She desired ever to be with me, and I wanted to be more by myself.

"We often retired by consent, each to her chamber, to compose, and then to compare what we had written. She always exceeded me in the number of lines; but mine, I think, were more correct. She exceeded me much in the fondness of love; but never in the truth and strength of it. She was jealous of me, that my love was not equal to hers, and invented a hundred ways to try me; many of which I thought chidish, and weak, and therefore sometimes rather reproved than complimented with them. This gave her grief, and I would find her in tears, which I could not stop a to, but by the tenderest words and embraces. We lived years together as happy as children could be in each other. We lived religiously together. We took care of one another's souls, and had our constant hours of retirement and devotion. We were daily speaking to one another of the things of God, his being, perfections, and works; the wonders of creation and providence; the mysteries of redemption and grace. My father, in his widowhood, took great delight in us, and cherished our love to God and one another; but, like good Jacob, was fond of the youngest, admiring all that she said or did. And in her death he was to be tried. But it was I that was taken sick, to a very dangerous degree. When my physicians were giving me over, my sister came to me, drowned in tears, and earnestly kissing me, besought me to tell her that I was, through grace, prepared to die. Whether my interest in Christ, and to heaven were comfortable and clear to me; For she was afraid I would die; and she could not part with me, only to go to Christ, which was far better. I looked earnestly on her, and said, Why, sister, do you think me dangerous? I must confess to you, my distress would be great, on the account of my soul, if I thought my dying hour was now coming on; for I have not that full assurance of my interest in Christ, which I always begged of God I might have, before He should call me hence. No sooner had she heard me say this, than she fell, as in an agony, on her knees by my bed, and, in a manner inexpressible for fervor and humility, she begged of God, that if her father must have the grief of burying one of his children, it might be her; for, through His free grace, and to the glory of it, she could humble herself, before him, and to his assured hope of her interest in His everlasting mercy, through Jesus Christ: wherefore she could gladly and joyfully surrender herself to die, if it might please God to grant her sister a further space wherein to make her calling and election sure. Having prayed thus, in a transport which was surprising and astonishing to me, she kissed me, and left the room, without giving me time or power to answer her a word. And what is almost incredible to relate, from that moment I grew better and recovered, but she took her bed and died within a few days. Conceive, if you can, how I was astonished by this event of Providence, and overwhelmed with sorrow; and my father with me. The morning was equally; but about noon it cleared up, and the ship's place was ascertained to be in lat. 44° 18' m. N., and lon. 23° W. About four o'clock in the afternoon a strange sail was reported, and though from the haziness of the weather she was but indistinctly seen, it was perceived that she was in distress. Our course was immediately altered, and we steered directly for her, being distant about nine miles. As we neared her, she proved to be in distress indeed; she was a complete wreck, and water logged, but being laden with timber had not sunk. Her dismantled rigging indicated how severe had been her struggle with the elements. Her foremast was carried away; but part of her bowsprit and the stump of her mainmast were still standing, and a topsail yard was crossed, to which a few shreds of canvas were still hanging. An English jack reversed was attached to the main rigging, and the mizzenmast was partly gone. The sea had cleared the decks of every thing. We all felt the greatest anxiety to reach her. The evening was closing in, with every sign of an approaching gale. Thick squalls had already once or twice concealed from us the object of our pursuit; but at length we came near enough to discern two human figures on the wreck, and, presently, four others came out from behind the remnants of a tattered sail, which hung from the main rigging, and which had, as it appeared, been their only shelter from the weather.

It was late ere our boat reached the wreck, where she remained long; and as the weather was growing worse, and the night dark, we fired a gun to hasten her return. No words can describe the wretched state of the poor creatures she brought when she did come. Two women and four men were sent up in the arms of the sailors, evidently suffering in the last stage of famine. They were immediately carried below, and supplied with small quantities of tea and bread, then stripped of their wretched clothing, washed, and put to bed.

Meantime the officer reported the condition in which he had found the wreck. It appeared to have been thirty-two days in the state in which he saw it, during which time most of the crew had died, and the rest had only preserved life by feeding on their late companions. When the officer went on board, the two women rushed towards him, kissed his hands, and hailed him as a deliverer. The men stupefied as it appeared with suffering, scarcely spoke, but hastily gathered their tattered clothes round them, hurried towards the boat. The master of the vessel, his wife, a female passenger, two middle-aged men, and one young man, were all that survived of seventeen.

The night came on, it began to blow fresher and fresher, and ere morning the weather had, as we thought, been violent enough to have destroyed these poor creatures, had they remained upon the vessel; but as day advanced, the wind again moderated, and the master of the vessel being somewhat recovered, gave the following account of the wreck.

About the end of January, 1826, the ship Frances Mary, laden with timber, sailed from New Brunswick for Liverpool. From the very beginning of her voyage she had experienced tempestuous weather. On the 4th of February, the main-topmast having been carried away, she had become almost unmanageable, and they therefore cut away her foremast in order to bring her to the wind. Before that she had been scudding. While in the act of cutting away the mast, a heavy sea broke over her stern with a dreadful crash, forced the cabin windows, unshipped her rudder, and in a moment left her a helpless wreck. Wave after wave now swept over the main-top. One of the number, an elderly man, died that night: next day, the weather having moderated, the rest came down from the top, and endeavored to get some provisions; but nothing except a few pounds of biscuit could be obtained, notwithstanding every effort that they could make, to hook up some of the stores from between the timbers. On the fourth day, to their great joy, they perceived a sail bearing down towards them under American colors. She soon came within hail, and offered to take them on board, provided they could make a raft to go to her, but the sea was still running so high she was fearful of lowering a boat. The unhappy sufferers had neither tools nor materials with which to construct a raft, even if they had retained strength to do it. However this American had taken them two days, evidently anxious to assist them if possible. She was once separated from them by the violence of the gale; but on rejoining them, came so near that two of the people on the wreck proposed swimming to her, if she would lend the boat to save the rest. The proposal was perhaps unheard,

ing, until he was able to procure a passage home to his friends.

Now, my young readers, what do you think will be done to little George and the good widow, if they continue in these acts of kindness until they die? What will our Saviour say to them, in that great day, when He shall "sit upon the throne of His glory, and before Him shall be gathered all nations," to be judged according to the deeds done in the body? Take your Bible, turn to the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, begin at the thirty-first verse—"read, and you will know."

LITTLE CHARLES.

Well, Charles is highly pleased to day,
I gave him leave to go and play
Upon the green, with bat and ball;
And when he heard his playmates call,
Away he sprang across the plain,
To join the little merry train.
But here he come—why, what means this?
I wonder what has gone amiss,—
Why, Charles, how came you back so soon?
I gave you leave to stay till noon.
"I know it, sir, and I intended
To play till every game was ended;
But, to say truth, I could not bear
To hear them little fellows swear—
They cast such frightful, horrid oaths,
From their abominable mouths,
And cursed so bold and fearlessly,
That the cold chills ran over me—
For I was seized with awful dread
That some of them would drop down dead—
And so I turned and came away,
For Pa, I was afraid to stay!"

SAILORS' DEPARTMENT.

From the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

DISTRESSING SHIPWRECK.

The following very affecting narrative, copied from the "Voyage of His Majesty's ship Blonde to the Sandwich Islands," may serve two important purposes: it illustrates that petition in the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation;" and it reminds Christians of their duty to implore the divine protection on behalf of those "that travel, whether by land or water." The unhappy sufferers, when enduring the extremity of famine, and when the exercise of reason was in a great measure suspended, to satisfy the cravings of hunger, were prompted to an act, the very remembrance of which, in all probability, will be to them a source of grief and shame during the future years of their lives. It is no ordinary mercy, to be preserved from those circumstances which put our virtue and our resolution to a test more severe than we are able to bear.

On the 7th of March, 1826, says the writer of that volume, one of those affecting incidents occurred which surpass in horrible interest, all that invention has ever produced to move the sympathies of man.

The morning was equally; but about noon it cleared up, and the ship's place was ascertained to be in lat. 44° 18' m. N., and lon. 23° W. About four o'clock in the afternoon a strange sail was reported, and though from the haziness of the weather she was but indistinctly seen, it was perceived that she was in distress. Our course was immediately altered, and we steered directly for her, being distant about nine miles.